

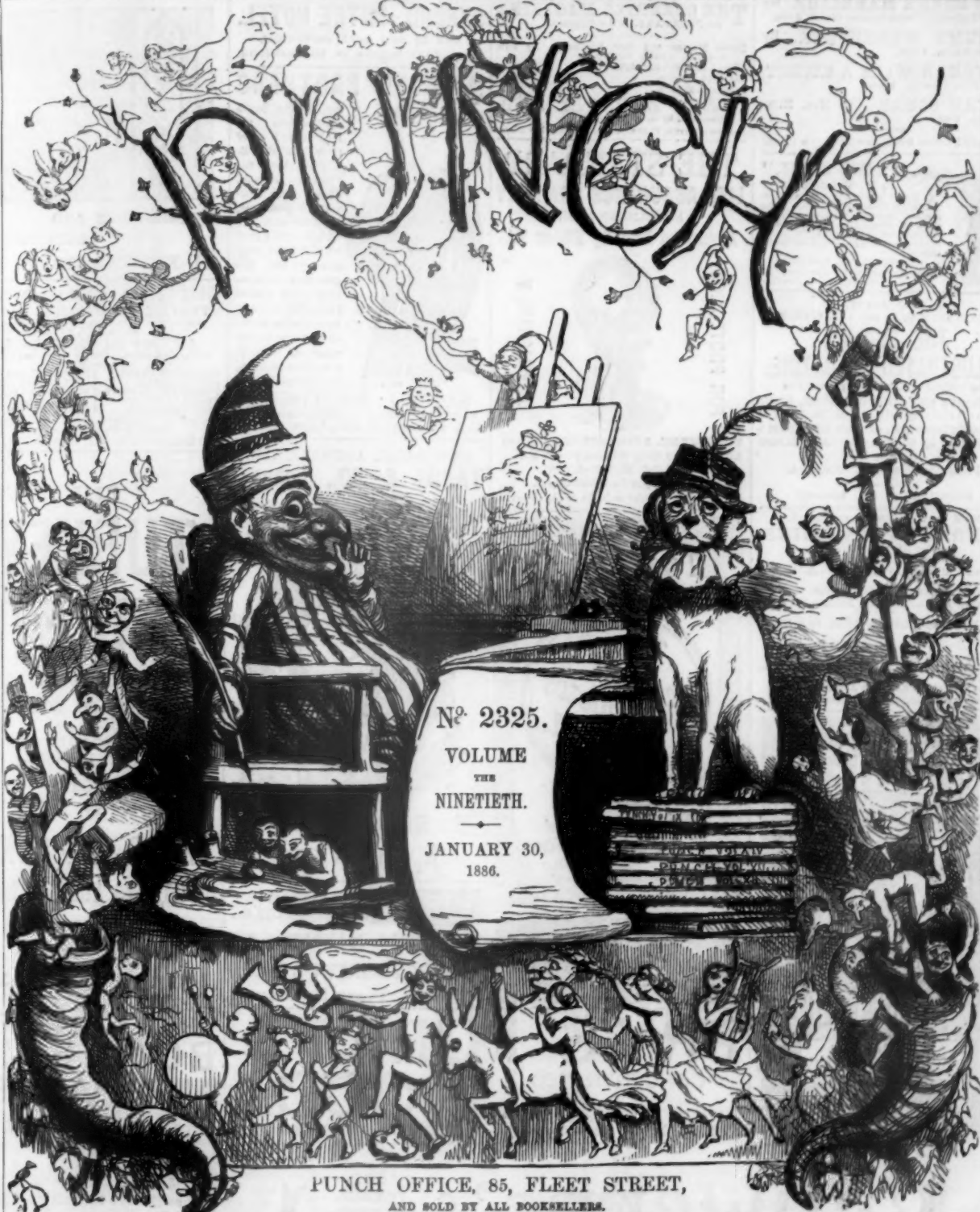
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MY DEAR REGENT MORTON AND EARL OF LEICESTER SQUARE,—I am aware that you are the "Acting Manager" at the Alhambra, and not the Dancing Manager, but as the two Arts are so admirably combined



Piping Times at the Alhambra.

at this establishment, I may address you as the Representative of both, and congratulate you on having the best entertainment that your Theatre of Varieties has produced for years, and the largest audiences to witness it. You have got a charming ballet, *Nina*, at Nine-a-clock, arranged and invented by Mons. J. HANSEN. The principal danseuse, Mlle. PALLADINO (my compliments to her), as the heroine, tells her story in pantomime so perfectly that no Acting Manager, however well he might act, could do it better; and she makes all her points, with her toes, so intelligibly that the audience can follow her closely with their understandings, and become as deeply interested in the plot as if they were seeing a melodrama. She is ably supported by Mlles. LILLIE LEE and MARIE as *Manuelita* and *Juanes*. The music, by your excellent Music Manager, M. JACOBI, characteristically illustrates the different situations, and gives the motives for action. It is as catching as measles, and as dramatic as MEYERBEER'S *Huguenots*.

By the way, why should not the story of some well-known Opera be condensed and arranged as a Ballet? Or, if we come to that,



NINA À NINE-A-CLOCK.

Mlle. Palladino and the Ballet of the In-fann'd Allphan Asylum.

why not *Hamlet*? "To be or not to be" would perhaps present some little difficulty as a *pas seul*; but "the Two MACS" would make a first-rate pair of Grave-diggers,—with a fight introduced, of course. They are wonderful fellows. I remember them two or three years ago. They are now funnier than ever. With the single exception of the Blondin Donkey, I haven't seen anything so supremely idiotically ridiculous as the performance of the Two MACS. Their *tableaux* are like a series of those comic German pictures.



The "Mac" and Smacks, by two Lads o' Whacks.

The Donkey Entertainment by the Brothers GRIFFITHS, which follows M. St. JACOME'S flageolet solo,—an artistic performance highly appreciated by the vast audience,—is full of grotesque humour, and the Donkey's way of suddenly turning nasty, looking quite assid, and threatening to "go for" his master, is perhaps one of the most original bits of jocose jack-assity ever seen on the stage within the memory of the oldest living playgoer, or music-hall *Ambulé*.



The Blondin Donkey; or, The Vigour of Bray.

Once more I must congratulate you, Regent MORTON and Earl of Leicester Square, on your Military Ballet, which finishes the evening triumphantly. Victory crowns the efforts of the Alhambra Company. The costumes are from designs by M. BESCHE,—*qui facit per "Alias" facit per se*,—that is, they are made by M. ALIAS, and are quite "*per se*,"—especially, of course, those worn by the sailors. Musical Manager JACOBI'S music brings in all the national airs, and the Highlanders, Lowlanders, Grannysdears, and Little-dears, bring in with them all their national graces. By the way, in the "Bayonet Charge," the bayonets seemed to be in good order. Hadn't you better, my excellent Regent MORTON, immediately order an inspection? This is only a suggestion from

STEEL NIBBS.

A FEW MORE OF THEM.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S list of the "Hundred Best Books," though it has given general satisfaction to every one except Mr. RUSKIN, has been subjected, in certain influential quarters, to some amendment, and the following few specimens, taken at random, may interest those who are eager to provide still more suitable material for the readers of the Working Men's College:—

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Blue Books on Burmah (various).

A Young Three Volume Novelist.—A hundred volumes of his own latest work (uncut).

A Member of the Jockey Club.—Book on the coming Derby, illustrated with latest tips.

Mr. Augustus Harris.—Ledger, handsomely bound in maroon velvet, showing recent booking at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Parnell.—"History of his Negotiations with the Present Government," furnished in his own Black Books.

King Milan of Serbia.—"Handy Volume of Patriotic Poems," improvised on the conclusion of the recent campaign.

Mr. Wills.—"The Life and Times of Mr. SCHUTZ WILSON," as gathered from his criticism on *Faust*.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—Pocket Edition of "Irish Nationalist Song Book," for the use of Schools.

Mr. Wilson Barrett.—Book of "The Lord Harry," showing Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S share of the composition printed in red ink.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—"The Comic History of Procedure in all Ages" (latest edition).

Sir Drummond Woolf.—"An Account of Turkish Backgammon" (with illustrations), as played by him daily at Cairo with MOUKHTAR PASHA.

Prince Henry of Battenberg.—"Some of his Movements," as gathered from the Court Circular, printed on white satin (*édition de luxe*).

The Speaker of the House of Commons.—Volume of his own "Commentaries."

Sir Edward Watkin.—"The Greatest Bores of History," with some account of the floating of the Channel Tunnel Company.

Mr. Horsley, R.A.—"Clothes, and How to Wear Them," Being a handsomely illustrated pamphlet of a well-known firm of Advertising Tailors.

The Butcher.—"His Book Made Up to Date," with request for a cheque.

DECREPITUDE AT A PREMIUM.—"Nothing like old servants!" everyone says. Old servants are supposed to be as valuable as Old Masters, old fiddles, and old friends. Old servants are becoming scarce. This is very strange, as people are getting older and older every day. They are even advertising for the aged retainer. Look at this, from the *Morning Post*:—

WANTED, immediately, a Good PLAIN COOK; no dairy or baking; Church of England; age about 80; good wages.

We can understand a fine old crusty Butler giving dignity to a Family Mansion. But a good Plain Cook of eighty puzzles us. Her mission is rather to be useful than ornamental; her influence is felt rather than seen. We should think "A good Plain Cook of eighty" could make her influence very much felt indeed, and would probably manage to entirely upset a large family in the course of a couple of days.

The Children's Knight.

"*Sic transit gloria Mundellæ!*"

You fought for the Children with voice and with pen,
'Gainst fierce over-pressure and hard-hearted men;
Your accolade's welcome in country and town:
Good luck to the new Knight, Sir JAMES CRIGHTON-BROWNE.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—What does the appointment of Mr. W. H. SMITH portend? War to the (paper)-knife? However, we wish well to the O'SMITH in his new career.

SISTERS OF MERSEY.



Science. At last, fair Sister! Mersey's busy banks

No more are Sundered.

Trade. Thanks, sweet Science, thanks!

How much I owe you!

Science. 'Tis my joy to aid

A sister so beneficent as Trade.

All seek my services, to all I lend

My ready help, yet often to what end?

Bellona makes me minister of ill,

And red Sedition steals my subtlest skill

As forced auxiliary to deeds of shame.

But in *your* cause to rule the earth, and tame

The rebel elements is my delight.

Trade. Old Major ISAAC made a splendid fight

With Time and Nature, and the Prince did well

To sing his praises. What a tale to tell To envious WATKIN!

Science. Ah! poor snubbed Sir EDWARD,

His mingled thoughts to-night in going bed-ward,

Will make his dreams, like Clarence's, perturbed.

Trade. Well, bumptiousness too swelling must be curbed;

But in these days of failures, factions, fears,

How enviable your happy Engineers; Who fight with Nature in agreement hearty

To benefit their country, not a Party.



"SO OBSERVANT!"

'Mamma' (shopping). "YOU MAY CUT ME OFF A SAMPLE, AND I'LL SEE MY DRESSMAKER, AND WRITE—"
 Infant Terror. "WHY, 'MA! THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU SAID IN ALL THE OTHER SHOPS!!"

Science. Why yes, of course, my friends BRUNLEES AND FOX
 Fought, not red faction, but red sandstone rocks.
 Yet these are hard, and but for BEAUMONT'S borer
 This Tunnel business might have proved a floorer.

Trade. Well, that at least 's a thing no more to dread;
 Since Liverpool is linked with Birkenhead,
 And Lancashire with Cheshire and North Wales.
 Ah! *Science* started fair, right seldom fails.

Science. Her strength she measures, and opposing forces,
 Nor tries combining contradictory courses.

Trade. A "tip" for Statecraft, Sister?

Science. As you please.

In welding nations as in linking seas,
 These rules hold good; for river as for runnel.
 In Broseley pipe-tube as in Mersey Tunnel.

Sir E. Watkin (at distance). All very fine! *couleur de rose* extremely,
 I think such jubilation quite unseemly.

One of the most important incidents of the reign?
 Eggeous RAIKES, your eulogistic strain
 You tootle loudly, but your pipe is scrannel.
 Compared with my big bore beneath the Channel,
 What is this trumpety Tunnel? A mere rat-hole!
 Since mine is dropped don't prate to me of *that* hole.
 Insular idiots spoil my little game,
 Yet crack this up. A scandal and a shame!
 When I succeed *this* will seem no great shakes,
 I'll be upsides you yet, my CECIL RAIKES!

[Exit disgusted.]

Too LATE.—Talking of Sleighs in London, the *Pall Mall Gazette*,
 recommending their adoption in snowy weather, said, on January 21,
 "A rough sleigh could be constructed for a Sovereign." If this
 advice had only been given on the 20th, it might have been acted
 upon, and so saved the QUEEN from bringing out her iced unwhipped
 creams to draw the State Carriage. HER MAJESTY might have gone
 on that rough sleigh.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A LADY IN WAITING, Jan. 19 to
 22.—Here to-day, gone to-morrow, and back again the day after.
 Oh, what days we are having! So cold! B-ck-ngh-m P-l-oe so
 cheerful!! M—— said he should have known We were in town,
 even if he hadn't read it in the papers, as, when passing through
 the Park about 11 P.M., Wednesday night, he observed lights in
 three of the windows—a candle in each, apparently. Such sweet
 weather for travelling, and everybody in such a good humour, that
 life is quite worth living. Thought the Jubilee Year would be a nice
 lively one. Beginning well. No more at present. Lights out. Bed-
 time.

In a poverty-stricken Irish fishing village, to expend some £4,000
 on a solid stone pier, which a fishing-boat has never been laid along-
 side of, and which is as dangerous as a rock to a poor canoe-man
 venturing to approach it, would seem to be as ripe a specimen of
 official folly as the Circumlocution Office itself could well excogitate.
 Yet this, according to the *Daily Chronicle's* Special Commissioner,
 is what has been done at the now famine-stricken village of Tully,
 on the West Coast of Ireland. This is the sort of thing, it seems,
 which is, humorously, called a "Relief Work," and not the only
 instance the Commissioner has seen of such works, "which have
 proved absolutely useless to the fishermen in whose interests they
 were made." This pier might pair off with the celebrated

Windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.

for it is not properly connected with the village, and nobody ever uses
 it! How grateful the famishing fishermen must be for Tully's
 Folly, and how entirely of the same opinion as the Deputation that
 waited upon Lord SALISBURY, to demonstrate strongly in favour of
 "things as they are," in happy Ireland!

BROKEN REEDS AND BAYONETS.—(Toast and Sentiment.)—When
 the British Soldier finds a foeman worthy of his steel, may he ever
 find himself provided with a steel worthy of his foeman.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY BRIEF-BAG GETS ME INTO TROUBLE.

WHEN I have nothing better to do from a legal point of view, I take a hand in the suit of *Shrimp v. Lambkin*. My connection with the matter is purely *en amateur*, as, being an interested party, of course, I cannot be briefed. *Shrimp v. Lambkin* is being tried in the Chancery Division of the High Court. It is rather a complicated affair, having six or seven sets of Solicitors, and as many Plaintiffs and Defendants. It is somewhat difficult to find out among the latter which is which, as the Plaintiff of to-day frequently becomes the Defendant of to-morrow, while the Defendant of yesterday often blossoms into the Plaintiff of next week. It is scarcely necessary to say after this that *Shrimp v. Lambkin* is a family dispute.

On entering my Chambers, a few days since, PORTINGTON met me with the usual announcement "that *Shrimp v. Lambkin* was again in the paper."

"SHRIMP's people dropped in, Sir," continued my right-hand man, "to say that if you had nothing better to do, you might take the lease and affidavits in the newspaper good-will matter down to Mr. Justice CHITSON's Chambers, as they have a most important appointment at 2 to-day—in fact, a matter of vital importance—and can't get on without them. They say you have all the documents, and that there are no copies."

"Is my bag here?" I asked PORTINGTON.

"No, Sir," replied my excellent and admirable Clerk, "you will remember that you last used it to carry home the pheasants Mr. THORNTON sent you, which arrived at the same time with that grocery packet from the Stores."

Spurred on to exertion by the feeling that much depended on my promptitude, I hastened to Burmah Gardens, filled my black bag with the necessary documents, and commenced my return to the Strand. I determined, as I had now plenty of time, to walk across the Park, and had got as far as the Horse Guards' Parade when, to my surprise, I discovered a throng of people and several batteries of artillery. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was the occasion of the QUEEN's Opening of Parliament, and that the crowd before me was waiting the arrival of HER MAJESTY. I looked at the Horse Guards' Clock—it was twenty minutes past one. If I could not get across at once, I was, so far as *Shrimp v. Lambkin* was concerned, a lost man.

In vain attempts to escape, I found myself at last confined in a mob of people awaiting the procession, and unable to move either forward or backward. I was a close prisoner, and could not stir. It was



Thursday, Jan. 21.—"Queen's weather!"—"Oh, what a day we're having!"

at this moment that I suddenly became conscious of the presence of my black bag, which had already attracted considerable hostile attention. I smiled as innocently as I could; but, to judge from the expression on the faces around me, evidently my forced geniality created an unfavourable impression. I would have given worlds at this moment to have got rid of my black bag, even with its precious freight of leases and affidavits, as I felt that it was seriously endangering my safety. All the stories of the dynamite outrages, invariably associated with a black bag, came back to me, and at this supreme moment of my existence my nose was seized with a fit of irritability which I felt could only be cured by gentle friction. I did not dare to raise my arms, for fear of creating suspicion. In one hand I had an umbrella and handkerchief, in the other my black bag, which became heavier and heavier in my numbed half-frozen fingers. It was at this moment that a man in a pot hat, who looked like a cross between a very country butler and a very town-bred gamekeeper, approached me, and stood beside me. In an instant some of my rougher companions slunk away.

"Now," said the new-comer, in an undertone to me, "we don't want no disturbance. We've 'ad our eye upon you since you've been here—and we intend to keep an eye on you till you step it."

I indignantly protested against this uncalled-for interference, and asked him what he meant.

"Never you mind what I mean, but just keep your hands where they are, for if you attempt to move them it will be the worse for you."

"Do you suspect my bag?" I cried, indignantly; "for, if you do, I'll open it and show you what it contains."

"Don't be a fool!" said he, in a hurried whisper. "All our men are spread about, and if the roughs saw you and me having a disturbance over a black bag we might both get badly hurt—you because they didn't know you, and me because they did. So, to make things quite safe, put your hands together and there you are."

With this, to my great surprise, he cleverly clutched hold of both wrists of my coat and effectually handcuffed me. Again my nose put itself painfully in evidence, and my numbed fingers, which suffered terribly from the cold, began to relax their hold. I informed my captor that I could retain the bag no longer, when he told me that if I dropped it "it would be the worse for me."

It was in this painful and humiliating position that I saw my Most Gracious Sovereign pass me. I raised a feeble cheer, but was not allowed to lift my hat, as my loyalty suggested would have been appropriate to the occasion. I can only hope that if HER MAJESTY recognised one of her most devoted servants covered in her presence, she will not attribute it to any feeling of disrespect, or any legal claim to wear my hat in the presence of my King, which, I am well aware, is the sole privilege of one of her nobles. Immediately the Royal Procession had passed, and the lines of spectators were broken, I turned indignantly to my captor, and demanded an explanation.

The man, on finding from my card who I was, was profuse in his apologies, but excused himself on the score that "he was quite sure that none of his people had ever seen me at the Sessions, the Bailey, or the Royal Courts."

Angrily throwing myself into a hansom, I drove at a furious rate to Mr. Justice CHITSON's Chambers, where I found "one of SHRIMP's people" quietly lounging in the corridor.

"Here they are!" I cried, excitedly, thrusting the precious documents, which I had drawn from my brief-bag, into his hands. "I hope I am not too late!"

SHRIMP's Representative looked at me calmly, and then, seeming to recollect something, observed, "Ah, to be sure! I forgot! Yes, of course, to-day we were to decide whether the beneficiaries were entitled to fifteen thousand pounds under the will, or only fivepence. Well, some of the other people forgot the appointment, so the Chief Clerk has adjourned the matter until we are ready, which will be, I suppose, in about three months!"

From which it will be seen that the proceedings in *Shrimp v. Lambkin* are not to be carried on too hastily!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

NEW PROPOSED RULES OF PROCEDURE.

(By the Wife of an Old Member.)

1. THE House to begin early, 10'30 A.M. Every Member to be in his place by 11, on penalty of a fine.
2. No Member to quit the House without giving a written account of where he is going to, and obtaining a signed pass from Mr. SPEAKER.
3. Adjournment at 1 for an hour's luncheon. This will be taken in the Refreshment Room, so that the Members' Wives, who are out shopping, can join their husbands at this meal.
4. Members to be in their places again at 2 sharp, on penalty of a fine.
5. The Ladies' Gallery to be open always to all Members' Wives, who at the commencement of each Session will be provided with an ivory ticket of admission.
6. Adjournment at 5, for tea. Ladies admitted. Members to be back in their places at 5'45 on penalty of a fine.
7. The dinner-time to be from 7'30 to 9'30. Absence from the House compulsory during these two hours. Members to be back and in their places by 9'45, under pain of a fine.
8. All fines to be divided among the Members' Wives.
9. The House to adjourn at 11'30 P.M. punctually.
10. In answer to "Who goes home?" every married Member will, on passing out, give written information as to his immediate destination. This book will be open for public inspection all day.
11. Parliament to adjourn from the third week in July to the third week in November.
12. Funds to be provided by the Nation (whatever this may mean) for payment of Married Members' London expenses (house, carriage, servants, gas, and water, &c.), during each Session. These sums to be made payable only to the Members' Wives, who will give their receipts for the same.
13. That Members' Wives should be admitted to all parts of the House on exhibiting their ivories; but this last expression is not to be taken as meaning "showing their teeth."

SHAKESPEARE ON ROBERTS THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.—
"Most potent in potting."—*Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



BUE, as our great National Poet hobbles, "Whene'er I takes my warks abroad what funny things I sees!"

No. 1.—I seed a hole row of aperiently same people, includin one woman and a pore [diluted little boy, a standing at the Pieretiek; Slime Shop in Obun, drinkin their glasses all round, same as at a respectabel Pub, excep that they all looked jolly solemn insted of awful jolly. I at wunce confesses to having a certain amount of curiosity in my manly natur, most enquiring minds must have, but I never had the small-est wish to wark into that sillybrated drinking Bar and call for a glass of their famous mixture, havin the bad taste to prefer a nice glass of hot Rum and water.

No. 2.—I seed a red flag a fluttering in the Brees at a Warehus door in the City. On enkwyring of a most respectabel porter who was a standing there, what it meant, he said it meant danger, as I shoed see if I looked up. I looked up accordingly, and seed a huge mass of goods a swinging playfully in the hair, hanging aperiently by a bit of string jest hover my pore ed like sumboddy's sword in the fabel. Need I say as I took to my eels like a race horse, thankin my lucky stars that my lordable curiosity had not corst me my walabel life.

No. 3.—TE A CHOFFT!—Well, I have in the course of my long life seen many instances of bad spellin. Even I myself, I'm told, to my grate surprise, am suntimes guilty of slite errors in that direction, but never, no never have I seed sitch a spessimen as I seed, in Chancery Lane too, of all plaices in the world, only last week. It was at a Corfee Shop, and in the winder was printed in very large letters, "TE A CHOFFT!" meaning Tea and Corfee! Was ever sitch hignorance seen, and in sitch a Learned Lane? Ah! it's the old story, the nearer to Chancery the further from good spellin. This reminds me of a funny thing as occord last summer, witch I shall call—

No. 4.—A gent came into our Corfee Room, and said to me some-thing as sounded like "Polly vu Francis?" Of course, I was emused at his calling me FRANCIS, but feeling sure as he was a frenchman I ansered at wunce "no Mounseer." So he took a pencil and peace of paper and wrote down "Thé" and showed it to me, so of course I said "no understandy." Fortunately there was a cup and saucer on the table, so he took it up and pretended to drink out of it, then of course I knowed exakly what he wanted, and gave him a verry nice cup of tea, and then he nodded his head, and so I gave him another cup, and then he gave me a shilling, and then went away and wouldn't take his fourpence change! leaving me quite unabel to decide witch to wonder at most, his gross hignorance in spellin, or his extreme ginerosity. My experience leads me to think that hignorance is one of the fruteful mothers of ginerosity.

No. 5.—I was a warking quietly home the other nite, and as I past round one of the nice Squares near the Fondling, I had a good long look up at the stars, and I was jest a thinking of all the wonderfool amosin stories as I had once herd a reverend Deen tell us at a Lecter at Greshun Collidge, such as that it wood take a dubble Flying Skotch Express Trane about twelve million years to get to one of the werry nearest on 'em—and how sollem he looked all the wile as if he reely expected us to bleeve it—wen a lady run up to me out of a house as I was a passing, and she says, says she, "Pleese, Sur, will you be so kind as to cum and kill a Beadle?" I natrally started with horrer wen she hadd, "It's only a black 'un, it's on the stares, and neither me nor my Sister can go past it." So I went in and did the deed, and they thank me and guv me a shilling, and a glass of werry good sherry jest to set me up again after performing the fearful crush. I may be allowed to express a hope that he is not the last of his race in that partickler manshun of female delicassay,

ROBERT.

BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

"Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD has issued a counterblast to tobacco, cramming her canister with a surfeit of charges before firing it at the pernicious weed."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Not for all a woman's sneers
At the joys she does not know,
Will I yield thee, friend of years,
And Nicotian charms forego.
Best of many boons to man,
Mister Punch for thee will
plead;
Hail to RALEIGH! who began—
With the Weed.

Brave Tobacco, since we knew
All the joys that thou canst give,
We have wondered, men who
blew
Ne'er a cloud to heaven, could
live.
Plaything in an idle hour,
Comfort in our sorest need,
Let us rather call thee flower,
Not a Weed.

Happy nights I've spent with
thee,
O my venerable pipe,
Born like Venus in the sea,
Walnut-tinted, old and ripe.
Cares evanish with the smoke,
By each pensive breathing
freed;
Adding zest to kindly joke,
Fragrant Weed.

Wine works wonders, we are told,
Fills a man with power and
pride,
Rolls a flood of liquid gold,
Or a purple-tinted tide.
Yet it brings the hasty word,
And the inconsiderate deed;
Ne'er are evil passions stirred
By the Weed.

Thou canst add a charm to books,
Speed the hours on swifter
wings,
Kinder seem a friend's kind looks
Through Tobacco's airy rings.
Summer days are fairer far,
Winter's gloom we never heed,
Soothed by pipe or by cigar,
With the Weed.

Woman wot we well hath charms,
But she too can use us ill;
She may blush within our arms,
But her glance hath power to
kill.
Thou art ever-faithful found,
Fairest flower that springs from
seed,
Mightiest herb that grows on
ground,
Blessed Weed!

"PARS" PARVA.

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?" asked VILLON. Where are the snows of yester-week? we may ask of BUMBLE. Still weighting our ways and cumbering our street-corners, is the answer. A fat woman in front of an avalanche were not more stupidly helpless than BUMBLE in face of a four-inch fall of snow. Only the avalanche would sweep the adipose Mrs. PARTINGTON away, whereas BUMBLE's motto is *j'y suis, j'y reste.*

Those all too familiar Augurs, who could not look at each other without laughing, have been trotted out again lately *ad nauseam*. If they could meet now, they would not be able to look at each other without weeping—at the thought of the public nuisance they have become. Surely now they should be spelt augurs, for they are great bores.

No. 1, ADELPHI TERRISS.

MR. TERRISS wrote to the *Daily News* last Thursday about "First-Nighters." He said, "I should like to put on record my entire dissent from the abuse which has been heaped on 'First-Nighters.'" Also "It is all very to claim the indulgence due to 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' but Artists should remember that they are Actors and Actresses when they are on the boards"—("Hear! hear!" from Us)—"and if they wish to be treated as Ladies and Gentlemen only, they had better remain in that privacy with which the Public will not interfere, and where they will be free alike from public applause or public censure." How many of your profession share your opinions? And now we have got a fine chance for our one *jeu de mot* on your name, which is that we find a *Rara Avis* in Terriss.

A BAD TURN OUT.—The "Service" Papers are very properly crying out against the injustice of employing soldiers to assist at evictions. Captains of the Regular Army should not be forced to serve shoulder to shoulder with Sheriff's Officers.



THE RECENT ATTITUDE OF GREASE.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Jones (whose sense of humour is quite abnormal). "OH, BY THE WAY, I MUST TELL YOU A FUNNY THING ABOUT SMITH—SUCH A FUNNY THING!—TOO FUNNY!! YOU'LL ALL DIE OF LAUGHING WHEN I TELL YOU!!!" [Tells them. Nobody laughs a bit.]

THE LIVE SHELL.

FALLEN on board! And who is game to tackle
The dangerous intruder ere it burst?
It will not be expelled by angry cackle,
But by cool pluck and promptness. Who'll be first?
Each seems reluctant, and a little frightened,
Yet of that shell the vessel must be lightened.
Must be, or,—well, the imminent explosion
Will blow you both to Limbo for one thing.
Has selfish fear or jealousy's corrosion
So chilled your blood, so slackened manhood's spring,
That neither of you, now the fuze is lighted,
Dares down on it,—nor even both united?

A "PHENOMENA."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this extract from the Advertisement, in the *Guardian* :—

HOUSEMAID and CHOIR HELP. Rare offer; valuable servant; experienced managing housemaid; thoroughly trusty; respectable; plays efficiently harmonium, full choral service in country church. Twenty-four. Eight years' character. Address the Vicar,—specifying work required, number in family, servants kept, wages offered.

"Rare offer!" rather. A first-rate Housemaid, who can play the Harmonium, and give a full choral service, is indeed a treasure. Only twenty-four, with eight years' good character; so, according to COCKER and COLENSO, she must have begun this sort of thing at sixteen. Wherever she goes she has a great future before her. House-keeper and Precentress, and perhaps she may become a Mrs. PROUDIE.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS announce a new Volume, entitled *Men of the Reign*. Is it an advertisement for Mr. SANGSTER?

MAKING SURE OF IT.

THE Government having decreed that Mr. W. H. SMITH shall first make inquiries before reporting to them on the condition of Ireland, it may be asked—

Whether he will be permitted to have access to the official records kept at Dublin Castle, for the last six months;

Or have to seek new evidence of the state of affairs on his own account;

If the latter, whether he will cut off his hair and disguise himself as an Irish-American, for the purpose of joining the National League;

Whether, if he succeed in doing this, he will sing "*The Wearing of the Green*," and personally assist in extensive boycotting operations;

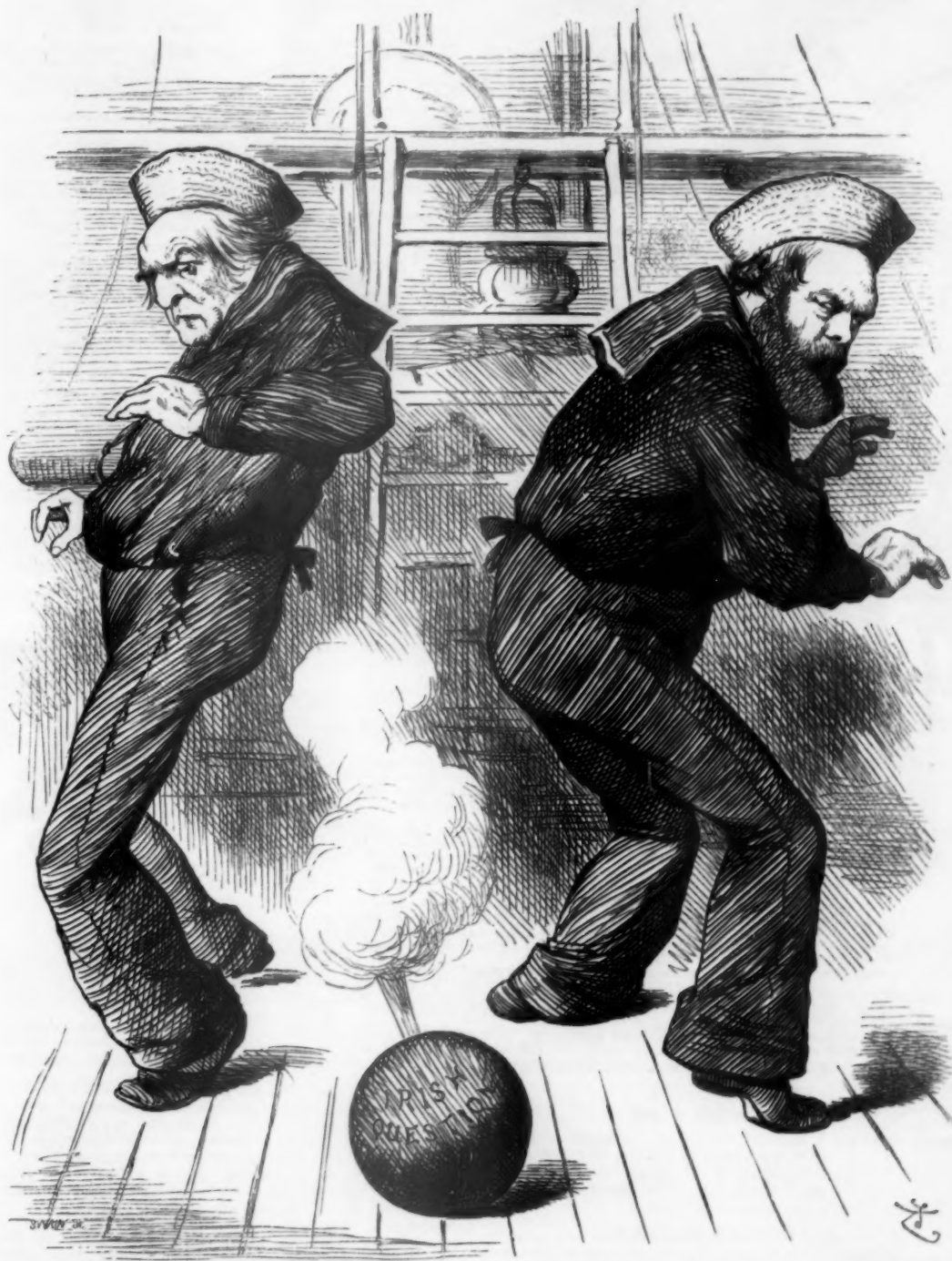
Or be present and witness the maiming and wounding of loyalist cattle;

Or whether he will endeavour to view matters entirely from the other side, and, acting himself as bailiff, serve a quantity of writs on tenants marked out for eviction;

And if he does this, whether he will put up somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, and quietly wait to see what comes of it.

And if he is attacked by a "Moonlight" gang in consequence, and has a narrow escape with his life, whether he thinks he will have carried his inquiry far enough to enable him to send in his report to the Government.

In the course of an article on Books, entitled "Sibylline Leaves," in the *Daily News*, the writer, reviewing *The Yeomen of the Guard*, by Mr. THOMAS PRESTON, describes it as "just the book for a pleasant idle half-hour;" and then he adds, "Would there were more of them!" Did he mean "more of idle and pleasant half-hours," or "more of Mr. PRESTON's books," or "more of such books" as is this one of Mr. PRESTON's? If our first interpretation of the Sibylline meaning is correct, we agree with him heartily. As to the others, we may agree with him when we have read *The Yeomen of the Guard*.



THE LIVE SHELL.

(WHICH OF 'EM WILL THROW IT OVERBOARD?)

THE LAY OF THE MODERN MILLINERE.

A Man-Millinere
meeteth an
M.P., and
denounceth
him.
The M.P.
protesteth.
With em-
phasis,
But vainly,
He holds him with his watery eye,
The new M.P. stands still,
And listens like a man much bored;
The Millinere hath his will.

He holds him with his trembling hand.
"There was a bird—" quoth he.
"I say, hold hard! Just drop my guard!"
He droppeth it instantlie.

But vainly, He holds him with his watery eye,
The new M.P. stands still,
And listens like a man much bored;
The Millinere hath his will.

The Man-Millinere
telleth how the
shop
flourished
all along of
the femi-
nine fad
For feather
trimmings.
The M.P.
lapseth in-
to unpari-
sonary
language.
But the
M.M. still
pegeth
away—
Telling of
the tyranny
of Fashion,
And of his
own par-
lous sin.

"Trade brisk appeared, good profits we cleared,
Merrily went the shop,
For feather trimmings were all the go
With dames who dressed tip-top.
Bonnets and hats with tiny plumes,
From songsters plucked were dight—"
The new M.P. slipped out a D.,
Big Ben boomed through the night.

And W. G. was on his legs,
One might catch the loud "Hear, hear!"
But still prozed on that woeful man,
That moist-eyed Millinere.

"Anon the claims of the Fashion-fiend
Grew tyrannously strong;
We did not dare so much as spare
The prettiest pets of song."

"Good gracious, man, what ails you now?
Why this hysteric sobbin'!
Compose yourself!" "For sake of pelf
I WENT AND KNEW A ROBIN!!!"



Nemesia,
in the
shape of
Nightmare
pursueth
the M.M.

"Since then I've had an awful time,
Such horrid dreams o' night!
There is a Woman doth haunt me much,
And fill me with affright.
"Her lips are red, her looks are free,
Her locks are yellow as gold,

And
maketh it
hot for
him.

The
modern
Harry
made
manifest.

He fadeth
for
winks
a fearsome
oracle.

The M.P.
diagnoseth
the case
wrongly.
The M.M.
taketh the
pledge
against
Bird-
slaughter.
With the
happiest
results.

He heareth
a duet.

Reprobation
(for
fissure.)

Palliation
(dimin-
uendo).
The fiddle
placed on
the right-
animal.
The (by
proxy)
Bird-
slaughter-
ing sex
catcheth it
hot and
strong.
The Curse
is indi-
cally
trans-
ferred.

The M.M.
thinketh
something
ought to
be done,
don't you
know,
And maketh
urgent ap-
peal to the
M.P.

"Oh, young M.P. I canst move the House
With the Fashion-fiend to fight, [stain
That this crime no longer our women may
In all humanity's sight?

"He prayeth best—" "Ah! I know the
Quoth that button-holed M.P. [rest,"

The Nightmare
Feminine Cru-
elty, she,
Who makes
men's blood
run cold.

"A slaughtered
Robin for
ghastly crest,
That Weird
Dream-Woman
wears.
That bird's re-
proachful eyes
will drag
Me—let us say
downstairs.

"Oh, Sleep it is
a pleasant
thing.
A snooze is
Comfort's
goal;
But I'd rather
wake for ever
and aye,
Than slumber to see that dread array,
I would, upon my soul!"

"Dyspepsia sure, thou Millinere—"
"Hush! hush! O rash M.P.,
I cowed that another singing fowl
Should never be slain by me!"

"And then all little birds that are,
I seemed to hear them sing.
Lord! how they comforted my poor heart
With their sweet jargoning!"

"And then I heard two Voices speak,
As I lay like one that's dead;
Two Voices sweet, yet sternly sad,
And this is what they said:—

FIRST VOICE.

"This is the man, the barbarous man,
Who slew my favourite bird,
And all to pander to Fashion's freaks,
As cruel as eke absurd."

SECOND VOICE.

"True! But the man hath penance done,
And taken a holy vow.
Moreover, the Women who wear such spoils
Are the more to blame, I trow."

"Alas! that ever their gentle hearts
Should steel themselves to slay
The tiny tenants of myriad nests,
To make them fine array."

"This man, and if his vow he keep,
From Nemesis shall be freed;
But woe to the shameless fies for whom
My feathered pets still bleed!"

"I woke. My ghostly tale is told;
But the heart within me yearns
For something done to stay the shame
Whereat gentle blood yet burns."

"Oh, young M.P. I canst move the House
With the Fashion-fiend to fight, [stain
That this crime no longer our women may
In all humanity's sight?

"He prayeth best—" "Ah! I know the
Quoth that button-holed M.P. [rest,"



Who
agreeth
with
him,
but
sore-
sore
difficul-
ties.
"Damp
Millinere,
you are
right, I
fear.
Good bye!
Twere a
ticklish
task and
queer.
But—at
any rate
we'll
see!"

Exit
M.M.
M.P.
makes
entry.

That Millinere, whose eye is damp,
Whose tie is tumbled sore,
Is gone, and the new-
ly-fledged M.P.
Enters St. Stephen's
door.



POSTSCRIPTUM.

The House once more is in Session met,
Bird-slaughter yet prevails;
For feather trimmings are still the go,
With kittens' heads, which, for aught we know,
May be followed by puppies' tails.

That young M.P. forgot his vow
"Midst prattle and Party intrigue.
He hath lost his seat! But the case to meet
There be certain Dames one is glad to greet—
A benison on their impulsive sweet!
Have started THE PLUMAGE LEAGUE!"

A League that all the birds will join,
As all Ladies should, 'tis clear;
For so shall they honour their charming sex,
And so remorse shall no longer vex
The soul of that Millinere.

After the Speech.

(By a Disgusted Tory.)

EUGH! Slyboots! He's "old," though I don't call him grand,
As dodgy as Diddler, or DICKENS'S Weg.
He boasts he's "an old Parliamentary Hand,"
Say, rather, an old Parliamentary "Leg."

Policemen and Pictures.

THE Critic of the *Athenaeum*, speaking of the collection now being
shown at the Royal Academy, says:—

"Several capital Constables add to the attractions of this exhibition."

We are very glad to hear it. Shows Mr. Critic is an honest man,
or he would have run away. For some time past the Police has had
its eye—and its ear too—on Music; now it has "taken up" Painting.
It has only to "run in" the Drama to make the Force as cultured as
it is active and intelligent!

"MR. BRADLAUGH'S manner of taking the oath," says the *Reading Observer*—(capital name this, an *Observer* intended for Reading; only, in this instance, where was "the Reader"?—"was somewhat noteworthy. It was a considerable time before he was able to struggle up among the crush of Members towards the table, where the Clerk (Mr. MILMAN) was swearing at each Member, singly and severally, as he presented himself." Anxious as the Junior Member for Northampton was to swear himself, this hearty conduct on the part of the Clerk, meeting him, as it were, more than half-way, must have taken him fairly off his legs; for though, no doubt, Mr. BRADLAUGH must have been conscious of the fact that he is frequently sworn at behind his back, he must have experienced some sense of novelty in viewing the process thus freely and openly indulged in to his very face.

"THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS."—Mr. *Punch* says the best for everybody's reading are his own Volumes. There are eighty-nine of them, and the difference can be made up by reading the last five twice over.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Professor Proseworthy (button-holing Our Artist, who wants to catch a Train).
 "OH, BY THE BYE, I HAD SUCH A CAPITAL SUBJECT FOR YOU—LET ME SEE—WHAT WAS IT? OH, I KNOW,—WHEN THE MUZZLES ARE TAKEN OFF THE DOGS, WHAT A GOOD THING IT WOULD BE TO PUT 'EM ON TO THE BORES—THE BORES OF SOCIETY, YOU KNOW—ALL MUZZLED! HAPPY THOUGHT, EH? HA! HA! SEE!"

Our Artist. "HA! HA! CAPITAL! OR LED BY A STRING, YOU KNOW—OR SUPPRESSED ALTOGETHER, SO THAT THEY COULDN'T CATCH HOLD OF PEOPLE IN THE STREET!"
[Bolts for his Train, which he just misses.]

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

(From my Uncommonplace Book.)

A FRIEND meets me in the street. It is the day before the opening of Parliament. His face is careworn and anxious; there is an air of impenetrable mystery about him. He beckons me away from the main thoroughfare, down into a side-street. Why this? Will I come with him? My curiosity is aroused—I will. We enter a doorway. We ascend a narrow, ill-lit staircase. Becoming accustomed to the semi-obscurity, I am aware of mysterious forms, wrapped and muffled, preceding and following us. Escape is impossible. My friend has a rapid communication with some invisible person in, apparently, a hole in the wall. There is a brief interchange of pass-words. A hand appears, then disappears. My friend moves on, and beckons me to follow. I do so. Suddenly we find ourselves in a large room, fairly lighted. Persons, seated, are arranged in four sides of a square. There are a few women among them—very few—and all are in sombre clothing. There is some whispered conversation going on in different parts of the room, but the atmosphere is laden with a sense of mute, dogged conspiracy. Dynamiters? Secret Head-Centres? If so, why am I here? There is a huge black board against the wall opposite the door, on which have been chalked, or somehow marked, ghastly white figures, ranging from 10 to 5000. What does this mean? Who are the doomed ones? How many? Are 5,000 to be victims at one fell swoop? To-morrow it again occurs to me is the opening of Parliament, and I cannot bear to think of it. My friend is speaking to another conspirator. I turn towards the door. Where was it we came in? It is not too late. I will retreat silently, unobserved, precipitately. I take two steps . . . but the impatient shuffling of a hundred feet, and murmurs of "Sit down!" warn me

AN ENTERPRISING INTERVIEWER.

(Vide "An Interviewer and his Calling."—St. James's Gazette, Jan 21.)

WHEN I became a journalist, I never, never dreamt My avocation would be greeted with supreme contempt. You ask me—am I well received? I say, with grief infinite, Receptions of a tax-collector really are not in it. For, first of all, the tax-collector doesn't care a dram; Besides, he's very seldom kicked—I very often am. I chose a certain line of work, considering it newer, And soon became a very Enterprising Interviewer.

At first I couldn't get an interview, there's not a doubt, The footman always said, "My Lord is sorry, but he's out." The observations "out" and "not at home" do not offend, They frequently are used towards one's very dearest friend. Ere long I found they had a special reference to me, But I am not the sort of man to take it placidly. I'm not a poor relation, nor objectionable wooer, So swore they should receive this Enterprising Interviewer.

In Downing Street I knock—then take the footman un-
 awares

By rushing past him in the hall, then nimbly up the stairs. It's true I see the PREMIER in a way perhaps unlawful, It's true the PREMIER's language at the interview is awful. But still it is an interview, and so he'll shortly find. Then quickly down the stairs I go—assisted from behind. I've wished the stairs were not so far between, and wished them fewer,

For as they are they hurt the Enterprising Interviewer.

But in a hurried interview like this you can't expect The article that follows to be perfectly correct. Or if a servant says, "Why don't you ring the kitchen bell?"

How can you, with consistency, regard the mistress well? In such a case—I say, I know the lady wears a wig! The article's a great success,—the circulation big. Her husband at the office calls to catch me a one—two-er, But doesn't always find the "Enterprising Interviewer."

I've dashed upon a Bishop who was ill in bed with gout; My only painless interview—he couldn't kick me out. I've forced my way on Princes, Dukes, and Statesmen of renown,

And if they made unkind remarks, I always put them down. Against my will I interviewed a Judge, who, with a smile, Did most unjustly stop my avocation for awhile. Because I sought HER MAJESTY, and simply said I knew 'er, For months you will not see this Enterprising Interviewer.

that to attempt flight now would be fatal. My friend pulls me down on to a chair. "Time's up!" I hear exclaimed. In another second . . . full light is turned on, and for the first time I perceive a board of green cloth in the centre of the room. Ha! am I in a secret Inferno? Will the Police descend on us, and shall I be up before Mr. D'ERNOCOURT? The room swims round, my head whizzes . . . I close my eyes . . . Oh, for one minute with a smelling-bottle . . . or even strong snuff! . . . "Courage!" I say to myself—"a man can die but once, and I will sell my life dearly." I rouse myself. I hear a click. Of a pistol? . . . No . . . it is a cannon! ROBERTS has just commenced, and Cook is waiting for his turn—12,000 up, ROBERTS giving Cook 2,000 to start with. *Happy Thought.*—I wish I had two thousand to start with. Wouldn't I start! Wouldn't I have a holiday! Rather!

THE following advertisement from the *Bonner Zeitung* ought to meet with some response:—

TWO GERMAN PHYSICIANS seek a learned Englishman by birth who teaches the elements of his Language, Grammar, and Conversation.

We have heard of born Legislators, and can only conclude that these two German Physicians imagine that the country which produces them will also be found equal to the supply of a born *savant*. Not, however, that the requirements of the "Englishman learned by birth" are of a very stringent order, seeing that they are comprised in his ability to teach "the elements of his language, grammar, and conversation." Given his command of the former, his claim to the latter could be proved practically enough. Any applicant for the post who can satisfy the advertising Physicians in an interview that he is learned by birth, ought certainly to be possessed of conversational powers of a high order.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE GRAND OLD HAND AND THE YOUNG 'UNS.

"I stand here as a Member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my

counsel, and reserve my own freedom, until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavouring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same. (Laughter.)"—From Gladstone's Speech.

House of Lords, Thursday, January 21.—Scene in the Lords to-day a Dream of Fair Women, a blaze of jewellery, a joy of Judges, and a bevy of Bishops. Everyone dressed all in his best, except the Peers themselves, who were in their worst. Huddled together on benches, closely packed on floor of House, arrayed in dingy scarlet robes, everyone misfits, they looked like a body of supers waiting to be called on in Coroner's jury scene, or some equally lively entertainment. The Peeresses and their female relations had stormed the place, driven the Lords of the Creation into these pens in the centre of the floor, where they sat in meek silence, whilst incessant chattering filled the House with the sound of sweet feminine voices. But the Ladies—God bless 'em!—were having such a day of it, enjoying themselves so thoroughly, and looking so charming that the Peers were of no consequence.

H.R.H. wore his own Peer's robes, and showed they really did not look so bad when made to measure. The worst of the Peers is, as DUNRAVEN says, that in the present depressed state of agriculture and in the impossibility of getting their rents, they have to save a penny wherever they can. Accordingly, they go to ready-made shops for their robes, and are bound to take the nearest fit that turns up.

In House of Commons another moving scene, but of different kind. No red cloaks here, nor bared shoulders, nor flashing jewels—unless we count JOSEPH

GILLIS as one. House did not meet for business till four, but at noon the Irish Contingent came down and took possession of all the seats below the Gangway, making a selection of the more favoured places above it. English and Scotch Members arriving some hours later found themselves evicted from their old seats, bound to take up their places in the side-galleries. From the Peers' Gallery, JOSEPH, Viscount ARCH, sat side by side with GEORGE, Marquis of HOWELL, the two noble Lords regarding with supercilious air

the struggling crowd beneath. New Members in great force; had recovered their breath after the rush to the Lords to hear Queen's Speech read, and now employed it to give notice of innumerable motions. Then they were constantly popping up in unexpected places and attempting to address the SPEAKER from forbidden quarters. QUILTER opened the Ball by quite a curious progress. Was standing amid the throng at the Bar when his name was called.

"Sir," he said, "I beg to give notice—"
Got no further before he was set upon by old Members, and severely hustled. QUILTER naturally indignant. If this was the famous courtesy of the House of Commons to new Members, he'd take a little less of it.

Hit out valiantly in response, but numbers overpowered him. Hustled to the Cross Benches, where he began again. "Sir, I beg—"
Assault recommenced.

QUILTER entrenched himself in the corner before the Cross Benches, where, to his surprise, he was allowed, without further interruption, to complete his notice. Turned out he intends to bring in Bill for Better Security of Beer.

House roared with laughter for five minutes. QUILTER looking about him in amazement.

"Thought he was the Accountant fellow," said CHAPLIN, regarding him through his eye-glass; "but suppose he's in the cork line. Bung is on his mind."

A mistake all round. Old Members wished to inform new ones that he could not speak except from within the line marked by the Cross Benches, whilst QUILTER had intended to give notice of a Bill "for the Better Security of the Purity of Beer." In the excitement of the moment purity had deserted him.

Several new Members made maiden speeches on the Address, to Mr. BERESFORD HOPE's great discontent. "In my time," he growled, "it was thought an impudence for a new Member to open his mouth



THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

in the first Session. Now they make their maiden speech on the Address, and one actually proposes to move an Amendment, which amounts to a vote of Want of Confidence! I think I shall follow NEWDEGATE. Can't stand much of this."

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—House again crowded in floor and galleries. SEXTON resumed Debate on Address in speech less wind-baggish and therefore better than usual. He was only an hour and a half at it, which for him is what an ordinary remark is to average man. Always admitted that SEXTON is a good, even an eloquent speaker. What I have mourned over has been his funereal tendency to smother his speech amid dust-heaps of verbiage.

New Member still to the fore, a source of increasing marvel. One of his favourite dissipation is to stroll between the SPEAKER in the Chair and the Member on his legs, a deadly breach of Parliamentary etiquette. To-night JOSEPH, Viscount ANCH, having descended from the Peers' Gallery, thought he'd stretch his legs and make a little tour of the House. *En route* came between SEXTON and SPEAKER. A roar of execration went up from the crowded benches. His Lordship paused, and instinctively turned up his coat-sleeves. If this was the mob howling at aristocracy the sooner matters were brought to an issue the better. Taking a step on to the floor of the House, and gazing round defiantly, his Lordship mutely invited the mob to "Come on!" An attempt made to drag him down upon the Front Opposition Bench. But he is a heavy man to move, and, disentangling himself from the grasp of the assailant, retreated in good order, repeating his original offence of passing between SEXTON and the Chair, and so safely reaching the Bar, stood shoulder to shoulder with his fellow peer, GEORGE, Marquis of HOWELL, ready for any emergencies.

Later in debate another anonymous Member (half the House is anonymous just now) performed a similar feat. The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate was on his legs, speaking disrespectfully of the Duke of WESTMINSTER. The New Member strolled down the House with light heart, and passed right under the Sage's nose. The roar that went up literally prostrated him. He lay flat on the Gangway, looking up at the Sage, who, with hands on hips, regarded him with a prolonged and cutting stare. It was piteous to see the abject agony of the New Member as he lay in the Gangway, timidly returning the glare of the Sage. Presently, when the Sage returned to his consideration of the Dukes, New Member cautiously rose, crept up the Gangway, skirted the wall under the Gallery, moved with increasing pace as he neared the door, and disappeared from view. If this was being a Member of Parliament, perhaps the defeated Candidates were not the least happy of men.

Another New Member, one MATHER, distinguished himself in a fresh direction. Debate opened on Irish Question, and continued thereon, speech after speech. When MATHER got his innings, supposed he would add some valuable remarks on the same subject. But, with a wink at the SPEAKER, New Member humorously plunged into discussion on the Education Question. Next Member resumed discussion on Irish Question, and MATHER's maiden speech stands isolated in debate "like a fly in amber," as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK observed.

Business done.—Further Debate on Address.

A Strange Fancy.

WHAT does this mean, from the *Daily News*?—

TO PROPRIETORS OF PERIODICALS, &c.—A known AUTHOR, fiction, histories, articles, and comic matter, well up in starting papers, editing, and managing, is open to an ENGAGEMENT. Salary no particular object. A periodical requiring pulling up preferred.

We thought that when a periodical "required pulling-up," it was generally at the police-court. "Salary no object." This advertiser is evidently poking fun at the Public, for he mentions "comic matter" among his qualifications. He is undoubtedly a real wag.

"NID NID NODDIN'—IN OUR HOUSE"—AT WESTMINSTER.—During Mr. SEXTON's brilliant and powerful speech on Friday last, he alluded to what concessions Mr. GLADSTONE would be inclined to make to the Home Rulers. Whereat, it is reported, "Mr. GLADSTONE deliberately nodded three times." A great deal was made of this Lord Burleigh-like nod by the *Post* and *Pall Mall*. But Mr. PUNCH, quietly reviewing the situation, ventures to offer the suggestion that the *Ex-Premier* was asleep.

WHEN this "hekabibbion" business is quite through, will this searching inquiry have sensibly—(Query, in any case "sensibly")—increased the number of readers of, say—CONFUCIUS and Mr. CRAIK?

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS will introduce into the patterns of his wall-papers several peculiar Socialistic designs.

A CRY FROM THE BENCH;

OR, JUSTICES JUST ICE.

Enter High-Sheriff and Javelin-Men, conducting the two Judges to their Official Lodgings.

High-Sheriff (bidding adieu to the Judges on threshold). And I hope sincerely that your Lordships will be quite comfortable.

Judges (together). Oh, no doubt of it. You'll come in and have a glass of wine?

High-Sheriff (aside). If they only knew that I've given them shilling Claret and cheap Saumur? Can't help it—the county's so dreadfully poor. (Aloud.) Thanks, but I won't disturb your Lordships.

[Ezeunt Sheriff and Javelin-Men. Mr. Justice Byles. Come, Brother, 'tis an imposing edifice, at all events. Why (in Hall), how's this? (Shivers violently.) It's like an ice-house.

Mr. Justice Styles (moving on). Perhaps the Dining-room will be better. What an abominable fire! Positively it's made of Coke! Why, this is contempt of Court. (Wraps himself up in a blanket which he pulls hurriedly from one of the beds.) Isn't there an icy draught coming in from somewhere?

Mr. Justice Hawkins complained, at Norwich, that the Judges' Lodgings were only fit for "Arctic Foxes or Polar Bears." here! [Pulls aside a curtain, and discloses a large hole in the wall—garden and snow-covered paths visible through aperture.

Mr. Justice Styles. Oh, this is shameful! *Mr. Justice Byles.* What shall we do? Issue a mandamus to the Sheriff?

Mr. Justice Styles. My fingers are too cold to look up Law-books, but I doubt if there's a precedent for such a course. A peremptory injunction to the nearest carpenter or mason would be more to the point. (Falls rather heavily on floor.) Upon my word, there's ice on the carpet! Yes, it's really a slide!

Mr. Justice Byles (eagerly). Then certainly a caveat to the little boys of the neighbourhood ought to issue at once. And did you notice the furniture? Come straight out of some old curiosity shop, I should imagine.

Attendant (entering). A cold collation awaits your Lordships in the Library.

The Judges (together, very angrily). Cold be—(sudden pause).

Mr. Justice Byles (peremptorily). Go away, fellow, and heat it.

Attendant (surprised and pleased). Thank your Lordships! [Exit.

Mr. Justice Styles. Why did he thank us? Oh, (tries to dance) my feet are like icicles! How are your poor feet?

Mr. Justice Byles (sadly). I don't think I've got any left—not even a contingent remainder.

Mr. Justice Styles. I've heard one's fingers and toes drop off when they're frost-bitten. Perhaps we shall leave ours behind as "remanets"! It's too bad.

Mr. Justice Byles (professionally). Yet it's a really interesting legal question whether a High Sheriff is liable for impliedly guaranteeing that our lodgings are habitable, if you can view it in that light.

Mr. Justice Styles (peevishly). But I can't view it in that light. I'm much too cold; and as we've decided ever so many times that a tenant must look out for himself, I really don't see what remedy we have.

I only wish I was in a jolly comfortable cell at the County Gaol, like those prisoners to be tried to-morrow.

Mr. Justice Byles. I'm so hungry! (Rings bell. 'Re-enter Attendant). Well, where's the "collation"?

Attendant. It's finished, my Lords.

Mr. Justice Styles. Finished! We told you to heat it—

Attendant. Yes, thank you, my Lords. I did heat it. It were very good. (The Judges collapse. Attendant sees there's a mistake somewhere, and adds persuasively) But there's some of the mutton left, and if your Lordships wouldn't object to sitting by the fire in the kitchen—

Mr. Justice Byles. Eh, Brother STYLES?

Mr. Justice Styles. The Court concurs, Brother BYLES. And if this worthy person could procure us some boiling water—

Mr. Justice Byles. A little lemon, sugar, some whiskey—

Attendant. Two tumblers and a couple of churchwardens? Yes, my Lords; and perhaps your Lordships have got your own tobacco with you? Oh, very good,—my Lords, this way.

(The venue is changed by consent to the kitchen.)

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